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JOSEPHINE LAZARUS

Mystery Prophecy
Service Freedom

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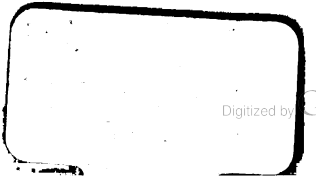

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Mystery *Prophecy*
Service *Freedom*

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Dear Soul, with all the fervor of thy race,
Yet having cast tradition's hand away
And groping toward a larger, clearer day,
How shalt thou find thy life's true resting place?
A woman's soul glows in thine eager face,
A woman's longing yearnings o'er it play,
Fixed, yet inconstant, unknown and astray,
Still searching for true beauty, and for grace—
Give, cries the spirit to thee, freely give!
Say not that thou art poor and hast no store,
Give hope, and joy, and love, so shalt thou live
And draw upon that sea of love, whose tide
Shall fill thee, heart and soul, and mind beside,
Till giving shall enrich thee more and more.

CAROLINE HAZARD

October, 1890

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Self-revealment is a difficult art. Like the art of happiness, it is most often attained without effort, and in some pursuit which seems furthest from self. In a real sense the two arts are only diverse aspects of the truth—so often veiled—that to *be* one's real self is the supreme business of life. The friends of Josephine Lazarus felt that she had attained this success—by becoming able to understand others and to sympathize with them she reached the further and more difficult goal of expressing her inner self. That this conviction of her friends may be vivified and strengthened by the reading of these brief essays, has been the motive leading to their publication.

The reader should know that Josephine Lazarus planned by a series of ten or twelve connected essays to express man's spiritual relation to the universe. The series was to begin with "Mystery," man's wonder at his surroundings, and then de-

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velop, as man has himself developed, through "Prophecy," "Freedom," "Service," "Faith," "Religion," and so forward in order, until the last of the series, a new "Mystery," should voice the wonder of fulfilment in contrast with the wonder of prophecy. Only the four now printed were written.

From these parts of her plan, as indeed from a knowledge of her own nature, we can surmise the whole. Contemplation of the ethical elements of life was so constant with her that she absorbed them as plants fuse sunlight into themselves. What she offers us is no subtle or systematized metaphysic, but an evident love of mankind and a belief in its destiny—the unconscious ripeness of a personality in which everything is harmonious as in the garden of Nature, and in which a yearning for the spiritual shines upon and softens the rigor of the inscrutable. Here and there, too, is to be heard an echo of the ecstatic note of the psalmist-poet.

C. P. H.

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MYSTERY

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The more we penetrate into the workshop and laboratory of Nature and lay our hands upon the very source and springs of her handiwork, the more does the hidden yet ever open secret elude us, and the mystery seem to vanish into thin air, beyond our sight and touch.

Mystery fades into mystery; mystery grows into mystery. We may watch the very process of creation, as though an invisible hand were molding the tiny embryo shapes, each according to its predestined likeness; but even as we watch, the vital process escapes us; the life itself has already passed beyond to new shaping and unfoldment, leaving only the outward sign of its passing.

Nowhere can we catch the breathing flame, even though it throb within our own veins; though the viewless air and the crystal drop of dew be charged with it, and though myriads of seeds slumber, for

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ages often, in the dark earth, waiting only the quickening spark to spring into light and life.

The explanations that once explained no longer satisfy us; science no more than myth. Evolution, Natural Selection, may perhaps describe how worlds came into being and life began, how man and woman "became a living soul"—but they can no more explain than the first chapter of Genesis explains.

And not alone in the living, breathing, sentient world, but also in the inorganic universe does the mystery of the unknown force, "the power behind the throne," confront us. However "exact" our science may be, however perfect the logic and mechanism of our "schema," here, as elsewhere, the essential thing is left out, the energizing force that sets the machine in motion and keeps it going; without which, indeed, there would be no "world-machine," and above all, no science, whether of matter or mind.

To quote from a modern psychologist: "Mechanics is the science of forces with live force left out. Geometry is the science of forms with the filling, actual live substance left out. Chemistry,

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the science of proportions whereupon chemical affinity acts, but with the liveness of chemical affinity left out. So psychology is the science of mind with the spark, the life of mind left out. Morality is the science of conduct with 'morale,' the spirit left out."

An "act of faith" in the unseen power whose action we may discern, but whose nature we are ignorant of, is necessary; a postulate, of some kind or other, is needed before we can utilize a single one of the facts of life; and however "scientific" this postulate may be, it is as pure a concretion of the human intellect as any other metaphysical abstraction, and no more adequate to clear away the mystery that permeates the universe.

But deepest of all in the mind and heart of man is the mystery enshrined. What more mysterious than the mysterious power of thought? the divine mystery of love?

In man as in a burning-glass are focused all the rays of being. In the magic mirror of his consciousness is reflected all the wonder of the universe, the glory and the terror. In his brain the law of the constellations and the vast astronomic

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spaces; the chemistry of earth and air. In his heart the mysterious issues of life and death, and love that is stronger than life or death.

The boundless universe has been given to him as his plaything, or rather his playground, for the exercise and development of his faculties.

In him is the kinetoscoping power to make the still and silent picture a moving panorama. He sees "trees as men walking," and he hears dumb things speak as if with his own voice.

For him the ineffable blue of the sky; for him the chant of the winds and the waves.

And above all for him the mighty music of humanity and his own soul, the whole gamut of his passion; the thunders of the moral law, the strong will to know, to feel, to *be* eternally; the song of life triumphant, the silence everlasting.

Man alone constitutes himself the judge of his own action, and within human limitations the arbiter of his own destiny; his own companion and friend, his own enemy.

It is man alone who has this power to turn the mirror upon himself, and thus take cognizance of the mystery within as well as without.

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Even the savage, in his dim, uninformed consciousness, apprehends more or less vaguely or acutely, with a sense of awe and terror, the mystery in Nature and in his fellow beings; in the dead, who return in dreams and visions of the night; in animals and plants, and even in the toys and trinkets of his own invention; and he makes them the objects of his fear and worship.

For it is the sense of mystery that is the root-idea of all religion; the worship of fear and the worship of love, all the worship of which the human heart is capable.

But as man's consciousness develops, so does his realization of the great mystery of which he feels himself a part, quicken and unfold to deeper purpose and conviction. So powerful may be the impression produced upon him, that he may be overwhelmed by it, his will paralyzed and his whole life wrecked by its invisible weight. "Wherefore seek if we may not find?" he asks. "Wherefore question if we are not to be answered?" But in reality this is not to ignore it, for "no answer" *is* an answer also.

On the other hand, this innate perception of the

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mystery pervading all life, may grow to be so constant an accompaniment and remembrance, so compelling an impulse that it may become a living fount of inspiration, touching all things with the mystic beauty of the unseen.

New vistas open and a new perspective of existence. The horizon beckons and draws men onward "as seeing the invisible." For the kingdom of man is not alone of the outward, tangible world. The mind sees: the heart sees.

Man looks within, and in that inward vision he beholds that other self that has always companioned him and that grows as he grows into richer, fuller companionship, knowing him as no one else can know, his weakness and his strength, his courage and his despair; that takes him by the hand and leads him through life. In other men also he discerns this inner fellowship and communion that is born of the higher spirit in all men, and that waits under the heavy veil of the flesh to be evoked by our sympathy with it.

To see with the heart into the heart is to see the whole mystery of man's being; his powers for good or evil, all sorrow and all delight. It is to enter

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into the fulness of his kingdom. The whole passion of life burns here as with a flame. Here desire is strongest, and the will to fulfil that desire. For the vision of the heart is love.

There is a beautiful Oriental saying, "My child, act as though I were, and thou shalt know I am." For if we cannot know, if we cannot define what God is, neither can we define what man is, nor the flower of the field, that in the morning springeth up and in the evening is cut down and withereth; nor the passing wind that comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither; what life is and what death is.

Mystery calleth unto mystery; the mystery within unto the mystery without. Only one thing we do know, that the deepest response of man's nature to the universal nature, the desire of his heart, the desire of his soul unto the soul of the universe, in defiance of death and destruction and denial, is love, the human, the divine power and the gift of loving. Man loves, and in some mysterious way feels himself related with all life; his whole being possesses and is possessed, vibrating as if to some master hand, and afire with the elemental fire of creation.

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But the mystery remains—the same to-day as yesterday—infinite, inscrutable, and for that very reason the quickening source of all knowledge, all wisdom and achievement of the heart or brain; all the passion and will of man to compass and overcome, to reach out beyond his limitations to the limitless.

And thus the mystic sense, what we would call "mysticism," is not quietism, the slumber of the soul and Nirvana-dream of existence. It is not the passive acceptance of any fixed form of faith or knowledge. It is the travail of the soul in tears and doubt and agony and rapture into victory, the triumphant march and progress of man's unconquerable mind and dauntless will, that makes of the human soul an unquenchable fire.

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PROPHECY

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What strange tricks the mind plays with itself! Now it seems rich with all riches, stored with the wealth and fulness of all vision. Again it seems a narrow "impasse" blocked by obstruction of its own. And again a wilderness, empty unto desolation, or peopled with horrid shapes of its own imagining, or again mocking us with phantasmagoria—visions of the air and sky that have no reality, that enchant and allure the eye and the hungry sense, but vanish like apparitions.

How may we grasp, how may we follow? How discern and discriminate the substance from the shadow? How may we trust the illusions of our mind and senses, the wayward leadings and misleadings, the prophesyings true or false?

We look within, we look without; we look backward and forward. And within and without, backward and forward seem one and the same process and manifestation of our own mental construction.

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We trace mind back to its most rudimentary form, and our own mind tells us we were there in embryo, in prototype of what we are to-day.

Through the vista of evolution we behold the dawn of consciousness, that stupendous birth when creation stirred and awoke to sentient being. And lo! we were also there, for even now we feel that thrill in our throbbing veins.

We follow the gropings of sense out into the universe; the tentative sight and hearing and, greatest of all promise, the organs of speech, the assurance of man's dominion over the earth; the seed that has grown to be the tree overspreading the world; the tree of man's knowledge, of his good and his evil; the tree of man's life and whatever may come of that life.

Man begins his upward march; our own dim ancestry, our own long pilgrimage; the cave-dweller, the tool-maker, strange inchoate creatures, each sufficient unto himself, his own needs and creative powers, and each prophetic of greater to come; our humble and mighty progenitors.

History dawns, and with it the unfoldment of mind. In the compass of the human brain are con-

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tained all the lore and science of the ages; all the civilizations that have ever been or shall ever be; all theogonies and cosmogonies; all that humanity is capable of achieving, all prophecy and all fulfilment.

The mind of Egypt, occult, monumental, sphinx-like, half buried in the sands of the desert: all its pictured symbols and imagery and hieroglyphs; its cities of the dead, vast, sepulchral and full of the trinkets of the living; its mummied kings and queens, arising in their grave-clothes from the silence of the entombed centuries into the light of to-day.

The mind of Greece, radiantly sunny as its skies; a Pantheon of gods and goddesses, human and divinely beautiful, filling the world with beauty for all time; its keen logic and incisive reasoning and luminous philosophy that still rule the intellect of man, and make the basis of our modern knowledge.

The mind of India, bent in upon itself, vast, visionary, ecstatic, a dream of unseen worlds.

The Hebrew mind, brooding, intense, passionate, prophetic above all others; the home of prophets, the father of prophets, the religion of prophecy.

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The Christian mind, so called; the mind of Christ; surpassingly lovely and fulfilled of all tender mystery; the vision of many things far distant yet and still to come.

Finally the modern, the "scientific" mind; daring, electric, scintillant; darting rays of light on every dark and hidden thing; capturing the invisible powers of earth and air to carry the slightest whisper of man's thought and desire; and wresting from the darkness the secret of perpetual light; conscious of itself as never before, and probing the inmost recesses of its own nature, the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of hell that is within a man. Who can tell what may come of that knowledge?

The whole of life is prophecy, past, present and to come. The past is alive, the future is alive in the quick moment that is to-day. The earth is full of prophecy as the heavens of stars. Day unto day uttereth prophecy, and night unto night showeth prophecy.

The dawn prophesies and the starry night. The sea is a mighty prophet, chanting of life and death, and new life born of death. The wind is the voice

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of prophecy bearing its every message to the earth from the faint breath of spring, to the blasts of winter. The seasons prophesy, each perfect unto fulfilment, and yet containing and contained of the other, as the new moon is held of the old and the old of the new. The birds are the singing prophets, dear to the hearts of men. The little brown folk of wood and stream, the cunning "bushmen" of the forest, are wiser than the children of men, and quicker to note the signs and promise of the year. And who more keen, more sensitive than the plants to hear the foot-fall of the spring, and breathe the sweetness of its coming; for the silent earth is alive with the myriad prophecy of life to be; the winged seeds ever ready to take flight.

No life stagnates within its own bounds; all true life in any shape is a prophecy, an ecstasy, a going out of itself into mystery of joy or pain or death or new life; it is only the lifeless object that is fixed within its own limits. "I came not to destroy but to fulfil the law," says Jesus, the prophet, because every fulfilment holds that which has gone before as well as that which is to come after.

We have thought to confine prophecy to a single

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book, a single race of men. But in reality prophecy is of every man, and of every time and place, and most of all in the living present, in the hearts and souls of living men to-day. It is the soul of life as we live it. For prophecy is a looking inward into the heart of life for the word of the living.

The language of the Hebrew prophets includes every tense, the future, the present and even the past; for it is the inward vision of the seer who sees all time as one, all truth as one, all life as one.

Man is ever the prophet of himself according to his vision, high or low, the prophet of good or evil. From the beginning "the government was laid upon his shoulder." He was named "Counsellor," "Wonderful." Man is the incarnate word of prophecy, the conscious living word, and through him Nature speaks, not only with her own myriad prophecy, but with his personal voice; his need and desire, his heart and soul, carrying Nature with him to his self-determined end.

Nowhere is there any gap in Nature, in the tangible world—everywhere the same law and spirit working different manifestation, "inspiriting" the world in its infinite variety. Who can trace how the

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bud unfolds into leaf, though we watch it day by day! "For the earth bringeth forth fruit *of herself;* first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Who can note the wonderful stages of human growth; the babe, the man and the woman; the progress of the soul unto maturity, like ripened fruit falling to the ground whence it was made, and returning unto the spirit that made it!

What could be more "supernatural" than this? What greater miracle than the presence of life? Than the noiseless touch of time, relentless as fate; changing the faces of loved ones even while we cherish them, and, like the mystic writing on the wall, tracing the mysterious lines of destiny? How paltry the recorded miracles in comparison with the ever-present miracle, the flowing stream of life, renewing itself with each renewed day!

For there is no finality in life or in Nature, but always flux; energy flowing, transformed, and yet immutably the same in its mystery and origin; heat, light and electricity, so different in their working and effects, and yet interchangeably one and the same. Elements the most diverse, earth, air and water, so subtly interfused the one with the other.

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The borderland of each kingdom, animal, vegetable and mineral overlaps and melts by insensible gradations into the others. The impenetrable, indestructible granite crumbles and slips between our fingers, as the sea-sands. The immense ocean lifts itself with wings and floats away a cloud. Each glittering grain of sand, each shining drop of water is a promise of the Cosmos. The whole solid universe is a dance of atoms, "a Niagara" of flowing force, a conflagration of the eternal fire that feeds the heart of life.

In Nature and the animal kingdom there are violences and cruelty, but no moral confusion and distress; no hard and fast boundary lines, no arbitrary distinctions of "natural" and "spiritual" law such as man has created for himself. Man alone is conscious of arrest and obstruction. Born of all the self and against the universe; critic and judge of his own, he stands aloof and divided against himself and against the universe; critic and judge of both and conscious of revolt and anarchy. He feels himself the battle ground of opposing forces; principalities and powers arrayed against him, good and evil fighting for his soul; constraint against freedom, desire against desire.

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For in the constitution of his nature, the warp and woof of his destiny, these contradictions are involved; they are the pathway and the elements of his mastery, the promise of his victory. Whatsoever a man hath, that will he give for his soul's desire; his desire burns within him, fed with the fuel of his nature, and drives him to an attainment which is the characterization of himself. Desire thus becomes prophecy.

Like every other organism man contains within himself the seed and the prophecy of his complete unfoldment. In the constitution of his nature as an individual and a social being, all the law and the prophets are contained; all the aspiration of the soul unto perfection; all the moral codes written or to be written; all the rapt vision of the seers and poets; all the mystic beauty of the universe. Desire is ever reaching out beyond desire. Prophecy outstrips prophecy. Ideals go beyond their fulfilment in ever-widening circles, "lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Life is a winged thing; the seed, the bud, the flower are no less winged than the bird.

The ages of evolution stretch behind us, filled

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with the prophecy of the coming man; the earth was made ready for him, and every created thing brought tribute, so that now he stands equipped, and with his feet planted on the earth he reaches out beyond the stars; his sight and his hearing pierce the rock; he photographs invisible objects with invisible light; the unspoken word travels through miles of space to fall upon his ear.

The infinite future stretches endlessly before him. Who can foretell, who can dimly conceive the wonders yet to be? "There is no new thing under the sun," said the world-worn preacher-king so many centuries ago. The sun is not new, and yet it brings new light and life to the world with each new day.

There is no new thing because nothing has ever grown old. "The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be." In that mysterious process and prophecy that we call eternal life, there is only the everlasting present, everlasting youth and renewal.

The dawn has not lost its freshness. The old earth perpetually renews her youth, casts off the old and puts on her shining raiment for her bridal morn. Aphrodite rises ever in immortal beauty out of the living waves.

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Man is born again to new life and youth. For the heart of man is a seed of fire, and the speech of man is a flame. And though the foundations of the earth were removed and the heavens vanish like smoke, the living word of prophecy endures and proclaims the new heavens and the new earth.

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SERVICE

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There is no word more typical of modern life than "Service." It is the watchword of democratic institutions, modern ethics and religion. Whatever the shortcomings of democracy under existing forms, in its true sense democracy is but another name for service. In the ideal democracy the man who rules is the man who serves. Even in its perverted sense democratic misrule is still a form of service. The unscrupulous political leader while serving self, serves others, and caters to whatever party or privilege can best further his own interests. The most corrupt political organization is a network of mutual service; the spoils of office are the reward of service. Hence the opportunities for good or evil, which make of democracy the most searching test of character that has ever offered itself to man. Service is the reward of service. And here is the line of cleavage, that divides the democratic ideal from all other forms of govern-

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ment. In England, even with her strictly limited monarchy and safeguarded constitution, every loyal British subject is proud to call himself the servant of the King. In Japan and China the ruler is a mystical personage, surrounded with quasi religious rites and ceremonial.

In a democracy the rôles are reversed. The people are sovereign; they are the "mystical personage," for whose service the ruler exists. The President is the man of the hour, a man like other men. Out from the people he emerges, and back among the people he disappears again. What manner of man he is, and how he discharges his trust, is of tremendous significance to the country at large and to the world that looks on.

Thus in a democracy does the personal force of example tell, and the weight of responsibility rests upon the class of individuals who may come into power or prominence. The "moneyed power," the princes of finance, in the eyes of the world, typify America to-day, and to them, alas! we point with such pride: "Behold what America can produce! This man of steel who holds the world in his grip, who has power of peace and war, of famine and

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plenty, of life and death, this 'Super-Man' who controls the destinies of men, the currents of their life, the machinery of their government, began life penniless and friendless, with only his push and his wits and his devotion to a single aim, to lift him where he stands to-day overtopping other men." And to every hungry, penniless boy in the land we say: "Go thou and do likewise. Put money in thy empty pockets. Put more and more and always more. For money is the emblem of our democracy, and the badge of our sovereignty."

Fools and blind that we are! who does not see that in this thing of which we make our boast, these glittering examples we set before the youth of our country, this concentrated wealth in the hands of the few, lies the danger, compared to which all other dangers are child's play! It is in the nature of this excess that it corrupts the spoilers as well as the spoiled, and this corrosive action eats into the heart of our modern society.

The evil lies deeper than we are willing to attack it, at the roots of society where we dare not reach, for fear of setting free still more dangerous forces which may sweep away all our hard-won social

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gains. The old order must stand as against the anarchy that threatens. The pillars on which society is built must not be removed; the vested rights of property must be secured in the interests of the "better" classes, for whom and by whom society exists.

Thus is wealth always justified of her children; in its day only a generation ago slavery was justified and found its sanction in the religion of the Bible. But despite this high authority, slavery came to an end, because the social mind had come to realize that human slavery was incompatible with human progress. In no other way can evil be eradicated than by the slowly awakening conscience of men.

"God's mill grinds slow, but sure," because men are the mills of God.

Society subsists by virtue of its beliefs. It is man himself who pronounces the fiat. "All depends upon a word spoken or unspoken. * * * The word runs like fire along the ground; who shall contain it? the word that is nothing * * * as fire is nothing, and yet it devours the land."

The basic fact remains that society is founded

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upon service, forced or free. In reality all life is founded upon service unto death. The whole of creation is a vast serving organism of service, animate and inanimate. Nothing is left out, not an atom, not a grain.

The most diaphanous cloud that appears and disappears into the blue has its part to play, its use and mission. The summer breeze is fraught with service. The drop of water, the grain of sand, the lichen stain upon the rock has its task to perform without which the Cosmos could not subsist.

All of Nature's forces and elements are in constant interaction of mutual service and life. The winds plant the forest, the rivers carry the soil. Water, earth, gases, air are charged with service immeasurable. Bird, beast, plant and tiny insect do their allotted tasks. Incredible is the work performed by these co-laborers of man; removing mountains, boring the hardest rocks, building, burrowing, ploughing the ground before man takes a spade in hand; unwearied toilers, seen and unseen, dumb, filling the earth with service.

Creation lives and moves in this great concert of being in sacrifice to the universal life.

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"Take me! Use me!" each atom says, according to the manner of its service, life giving itself perpetually for life. The rhythm of an unending life pulsates throughout the universe where every particle is alive, though we call it dead. "Nature"—*natura*—means a being born and born again and always. It is not a dead past that we inherit, but a breathing, palpitating present, where every atom lives forever in the archetypal plan and autonomy of Nature.

The butterfly lives its radiant moment, quivering with the winged mystery, one with the golden sunshine and the throbbing sea. The glow-worm kindles with the eternal flame. Man, beast and worm are caught up in the fiery ether, the all-breathing spirit.

Nothing lives singly, nothing lives or dies unto itself alone.

"All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle."

Watch the child grow, and you will find that it is only because of others that he grows at all. The child finds his own self only through other selves;

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only through others does he learn to say "I." Thus also does he learn to say, "You," having discovered your identity as a corollary of his own. "You" and "I" together constitute the social unity, the "we" of human brotherhood.

By reflex action we live and grow in the psychic as in the physical realm, for Nature's methods are the same throughout every kingdom. The body builds itself up in response to outward stimulus, and the soul in response to psychic being.

Man clothes himself with the universe that enfolds him as with a garment. The sun, moon and stars, the sounding sea, the snow-capped summits, the abyss—all things beautiful, terrible and sublime dwell within him as well as without. He resounds with the diapason of creation; the myriad voices and the great silence; the cry of desire, passion and pain; the soul-compelling music of humanity.

He comes into the world, "trailing clouds of glory." In the conformation of his brain are the immensities of time and space, all the categories of being. In his great heart the fire which is not consumed. In his will the energy of a god. The wisdom of the ages lives in him. The tree of man's

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life has deep roots that its branches may reach the sky. He remembers; voices come to him; tones and over-tones reverberate through the corridors of his being. Through his veins stream currents fuller than his own individual life.

As the child grows so does man grow to the stature of humanity. Only through others does man come into the full possession of himself as a social being. Every function of his organism is adapted to ends and service beyond his own. Even conscience, the inner silent voice is the voice of many; it is the conscience of men as to human purpose attained and attainable.

"Know thyself" is the beginning of all knowledge, for "Myself" is "Thyself," and together we constitute humanity. Not until man becomes able to communicate with his fellow-beings does he rise out of the animal realm. In the autobiography of Helen Keller we have a marvelous record of the birth of a personality. When her teacher spelled into her palm the word "water," at the same time pouring over her hand the living stream, the deaf, dumb and blind child woke into life, and passed into all the wonders of the universe. All day she

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went about in the ecstasy of joy, touching all things into life, and asking and spelling their names. Henceforward the sleeping world was open to her; without sight she saw; without hearing she heard; without speech she utters searching words as of one who, having been dead, has arisen. "Before my teacher came to me, I did not know that I am. I lived in a world that was a no-world. * * * I did not know that I knew aught, or that I lived or acted or desired. I had neither will nor intellect. * * * Never * * * did I feel that I loved or cared for anything. My inner life then was a blank, without past, present or future, without hope or anticipation, without wonder or joy or faith." This wonder-working teacher, this magic touch that breathed the breath of service into her was the power of the living word, the simple magic of our common speech. The mystic key unlocked for her all the treasures of being, for Helen Keller's world is richer than ours. She hears things we do not hear:

> "The noiseless little noises of earth,
> The shy, sweet feet of life."

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"All sight is of the soul," she says.

"My hands evoke sight and sound out of feeling,
Intershifting the senses endlessly."

"My fingers are wise:
They snatch light out of darkness,
They thrill to harmonies breathed in silence."

All sense is attenuated touch, and by contact man explores the universe, transforming it into the likeness of himself. When he gives names to things he puts the seal of his possession upon them, and creates the world anew to his service. He identifies the universe with himself, and the universe responds as though personality answered unto personality.

In the human sphere language is the medium of contact, and the brain is not fulfilled until it functions with other human brains. Life is not truly living except through touch with other life. Social life arises out of endless human needs of body and of soul. In co-operation with others like himself —sometimes in the opposition which reinforces

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strength—man builds up his humanity and comes to the adequate conception of himself.

All that we are we owe to our fellow creatures; to their failures as much as to their victory. By their sorrows we are healed. By their wounds we are made whole. Through their slavery we have come into our freedom. The cave-dwellers seeking the first human shelter under the shadow of the great rock! The unformed brain peering out into the universe; the untrained hand shaping rough tools of workmanship; human warfare, human peace prophetic of the social complex of to-day; the mighty dynamos of war and peace. The early beginnings of language; the first spoken word, the picture word, the written word! How moving the whole drama of history! The Chaldean shepherd, brooding under the mystic sky of the East and dreaming of a God!

Language that at first gave names only to objects of sense enters a realm of abstract and ideal representation, of forms that have no embodiment in time or space, but are the movement of thought itself by which all outward things are tested and all inward things made manifest. The mind of man

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seeks to penetrate the mystery of his being. Reflexes impinge upon his consciousness, forming new combinations, and an inner service of the spirit. So man comes into the world of his own creative spirit, of his desire and aspiration.

Justice, Charity and Faith—the immortal mother of all gods—where are they born, and how do they grow save in the depths of the hungering heart of man? The barbarous service of barbarous gods is founded upon fear; follows service founded upon obligation, upon love and brotherhood. Last comes service founded upon the gladness of having one's share in the fellowship of the universe, of feeling oneself *one* with all things. This is the consummation; the human consciousness gathers the universe unto itself, and like the universe is boundless.

Through swifter communication man is ever growing into closer and wider relationships. All lands and all people are coming together, for all have need of each other. In spite of wars and rumors, boundary lines are disappearing from the earth and from the souls of men. Far and near have grown together. Winged messages fly

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through the spaces of the air, under seas, across deserts and continents and untrodden mountain chains. The closed-in soul of the East calls to its outgoing brother, the West. The passionate South to its daring mate, the North. The modern man is a world-man, open to world-wide influence and destiny. State is not hemmed in by state, nor country by country, nor by the encircling seas; all are inextricably bound with one another.

All nature is constantly being born again, using the old material for new growth, adjusting human conditions to the pattern set before man came to be. Society regenerates itself through inward resources, working through the lower needs and passions to the higher passion of humanity.

Time is man's measure of the measureless, the life that has no beginning and no end. Through æons of time and space man has come to this knowledge of himself as a social being. In Dante's words: "The more we learn to say 'our' the more of good does each one possess himself." The individuality of each is not lost but heightened and enriched.

Once having dreamed the dream of the promised

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land of world-fellowship, no lesser reality can content us. The world is ours, is not mine or thine; it belongs too to the least of our little ones, who may become our greatest. Our strength becomes cumulative. In the word "together" lies our birthright. The sting of loneliness is taken away, the loneliness of sorrow, of sin and of death.

The greatest gifts of humanity are *ours*, gifts to be shared, not hoarded from sight and use. They are all ours for the sharing, if only we knew how to share or recognize them; the heroisms of everyday heroes; the fireman who dies a hundred deaths for us; the pilot, the railroad signalman, steadfast at their posts. Every moment is protected by the unacknowledged service of others.

The will of man is the moral will of the universe. Behind him are the blind forces that know no good or evil until the will of man puts the moral stamp upon them, bends them to his human service, and gives them the eternal values of his own soul. The great cosmic forces shape themselves into the compass and energy of the human brain, the likeness and fiery passion of the human heart; in this sense what man wills the universe wills.

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Man is only just coming into his larger birth, just emerging from the trance of undeveloped being into his greater self-hood. The human soul is dimly aware of its great fellowship and destiny, its oneness with the manifold service of creation. Not one man is the savior of mankind—but all men together.

Man's destiny is collective, and nothing less than *all* can satisfy us, can give us all we crave and need. Together we fight our battles and win our victory; together we sin and suffer; together we fall and rise again. A vast company are with us, of the dead as well as the living.

As the stars in heaven, as the waves of the sea, as the unnumbered sands, so humanity is many, and so also it is one. For all and through all is the service; as the service, so is the reward. The gods are always with us. Our prayers are answered according to our wisdom or folly. The gods of Greece live to-day in the radiant ideals they have bequeathed to us for our service. The Hebrew God is alive in our quickened moral strength. The crucified Christ has arisen in the hearts of men to serve and to save.

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Fresh as in the morning of the gods, the day-star floods the world with splendor. The sea chants its organ chant. The western sky flames with altar fires, and the immortal stars shine from glory to glory. All of Nature's voices, in earth and sea and sky, join in the pæan of service and praise and life triumphant.

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FREEDOM

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How many philosophies have been written to prove that the will of man is free; that man is a free, rational, responsible agent, with power over his own thought and deed; ever freely conditioning, freely liberating himself.

How many philosophies have been written to prove that the will of man is not free, but inexorably pre-determined by circumstances over which he has no control, making him the sport of blind necessity; that his imagined freedom is a pure "reflex" of brain or sense, or at best a working hypothesis that man may do his work in the world as dumb creatures do theirs; the beaver builds his dam, the bird her nest and in such diverse and unerring ways; each species after its kind and according to some inner necessity prepares its habitat, makes ready its provision and does its work in the universal scheme. Thus and so and not otherwise does man do the work allotted unto him.

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Between these contradictory assumptions of "Freedom" and "Necessity" how may we choose? Have we indeed any real choice or is our very choice pre-ordained by the conditions, the pre-natal structure and texture of our being—even by the time and place and circumstances through which we have been forced into the being that we are—the endless chain of events in which a human existence is fatally involved? What loophole for freedom in such an iron network of necessity? Yet even so, what an immense and even infinite scope for human freedom in the concrete sense, of human energy and resource, the boundless play of man's purposive action; taking in creation for his storehouse, and the exhaustless forces that have been given into his service! "The field is the world" and all that the world contains of good and evil. In this humanly restricted sense man has all the freedom he can use, more than he yet knows, than he will ever know how to use. We may logically prove "Freedom" true, or with equal logic prove "Necessity" true, if we remember that we do not thereby advance beyond our own mentality. For these two seemingly contradictory terms do not in reality ex-

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clude and deny one another, but, on the contrary, they include and complete one another, becoming mutually correlated principles in the plan and movement of human life. Necessity is thus stored up, potential Freedom: Freedom is Necessity energized and made manifest; the visible sign of a constraining force. Freedom is rooted in Necessity, and Necessity blossoms and expands into Freedom.

But, it may be asked, is not this a juggle of words? Can we not have a deeper answer? Can we not "know ourselves," whether as in spirit free or bound?

Man can only know himself as Man—both bound and free. In essence he knows nothing, not even the smallest atom. But beyond the limitations of human knowledge and of human action stretches the field of the unconscious—full, rich with untold possibilities and untried adventure of mind and heart, calling forth the endless aspiration and courage of mankind. To what extent man is free to draw from the great primal energies that feed his life no man can know. What we do know is enough, that this great tide of life sweeps around and within us, like the tide of the sea filling every

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little rill and runlet. A more positive knowledge would even impair our freedom: for freedom cannot be assured to us by any source outside of ourselves, else it would cease to be freedom. It must be won and won afresh, and always by our own initiative. It is a flight of the soul into the unknown, an "act of faith" always. Our freedom consists precisely in not *knowing*, but only in our right to *believe* that we are free. "If man had certainty he would not have freedom."

Moreover, the exercise of the will is not solely a mental act, but rather a synergy of man's whole nature; "whatever stirs this mortal frame"; the instinctive, the emotional life in all its manifestations. Only living can solve the facts of life. The bird does not know that he can fly until he uses his wings in flight. The child does not *know* he can walk until he takes his first steps and uses his budding energy and faculties, spurred on by his emotions and carrying out his will. The babe and the world are one; he would clutch the moon. Far and near are one and the same, a part of himself. But as his consciousness evolves, he begins to detach himself from his surroundings, and in the course

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of time even from himself. He speaks of himself in the third person as a separate entity from himself—the babe within the babe—who will grow to be the man within the man: who may be a god, who may be a devil, but who is always to be his inner companion through life, his most constant friend, his fiercest enemy, his counsellor and judge, to whom he gives supreme authority for good and evil, for life and death.

Thus freedom is always an individual fact, and might be named individuality. For not man alone, but every created thing has received its own form of freedom, of acting and being acted upon, which gives to each existence its place in Nature and its own individuality. The bird flies, the fish swims in obedience to some mystic sense which determines its character and destiny in the scale of being. The gnat goes its way as wisely as the elephant. Every flower that grows has its sweet will. Inanimate objects have their "law," solid bodies fall to the earth, gases rise, water seeks its own level. The "law" is not some extraneous force, but the inherent manner of action and reaction, by which every substance makes manifest, after its peculiar fashion,

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some mode of the latent energy, the freedom and movement of Nature.

The whole of Nature is palpitant with energy, with freedom controlled or set free. The stars move in majestic freedom. The winds breathe freedom. Even the solid rock holds in its heart the pent-up flame of freedom. And all this freedom is law, "unhasting, unresting," invincible law, the inner principle of life, eternally evolving and eternally fulfilling itself in freedom. The natural law is one with the spiritual. There is no break in the great continuity, the vast, simple, architectonic plan of the universe.

Unto man dominion has been given over all these lesser wills and laws, not by opposing and destroying them, but by fulfilling them unto his own higher will and purpose. "Understand me," Nature says, "and I will serve you: my will shall be yours to bend to your uses. My winds and waves shall carry you, my trackless air shall be your messenger. Visible and invisible presences surround and attend you, awaiting your master will. Above all, love me, seek me with your heart more than with your mind, and greater treasures

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shall be yours, greater mysteries shall be revealed to you." The earth is man's and its fulness. His restless spirit roams through the universe. His will to know, his will to love and to dare finds even the universe cramping for the flight of his soul.

For man is the prodigal son who claims control of his heritage and wanders and wastes and loses himself. The stars move in their appointed course; a fraction's deviation and the universe would fall apart; the tameless ocean is bound as with chains; the hurricane has its law. But man would be a law unto himself; he would riot in every sphere, he wants the earth; he wants heaven and even hell, if hell is needed for his liberation and the full knowledge of himself.

Man's freedom is a two-edged sword that cuts both ways, the flaming sword that bars him out of his Eden garden of innocence and passive obedience, and drives him out into the world of conscious effort where, by the sweat of his brow, the exercise and mastery of his powers, man creates his own freedom.

In man the cosmic forces become human. The storms of action and passion sweep over him, and

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like an æolian harp his being vibrates with myriad response, with harmony high as heaven and discord deep as hell, ravishing the soul or tearing it asunder. Man is not only the instrument, he is also the master-player who strikes the chords of his own destiny; and in proportion as he has mastery over the forces with which he has to deal, within him and without, he is free with that freedom which means desire and will to carry out desire.

Man's consciousness is a many-sided lens that reflects itself in multiform shape, so that he sees himself outside of himself and from many angles. He has the power to objectivate himself and even to exploit himself, to bring himself under his own scrutiny and testimony, and therefore to arbitrate and legislate for himself; to draw the lines and set the limits of his own freedom in this direction or in that; to say, "Thus far and no farther" to this or that impulse that emerges into consciousness. Hence the "moral code," the written law that man has drawn up for himself, and that represents in crude and external fashion the collective conscience, the social level that man has attained.

Human society is the highest achievement of

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which human beings are capable, for it is in the voluntary association of human beings for ends desired of humanity that the will is trained and exercised for highest service; the social and the individual wills are put to the highest test in clash and conflict, and immeasurable force is attained by the co-operation of concordant wills.

In the social, as in the natural order, freedom is the perpetual adjustment and readjustment of equilibrium between forces that oppose and yet mutually compel one another. The worlds hang suspended in space, held together by attraction, held apart by repulsion which is merely a counter-attraction; in like manner the passions and the wills of men are knit together by the power to attract, the power to repel, which secures combination of energies without loss of individuality and freedom. As society evolves the idea of freedom expands until it includes the whole of humanity, so that no man can feel himself free while another is a slave.

But society is still in its infancy. Men have not outgrown their animal evolution and come to the full stature of their humanity. "Thou shalt not

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kill" still stands on every statute book in every civilized land. Human society bristles with "thou shalt," "thou shalt not." And yet men sin and sin again and commit every crime in the Decalogue. For the Decalogue is written on the fleshly tablets of the human heart; in weakness and in strength; amid the fire of man's passions, the tumult of his soul, the conflict of good and evil, of light and darkness. The heart of man bears witness unto itself, and out of its depths are the issues of life, the mysteries of its sanction and denials. The fire of heaven, the fires of hell burn at its glowing core.

No inner voice says to the tiger, "Thou shalt not kill." On the contrary, he goes forth in magnificent freedom to obey the law of his tiger nature. Man has "discovered" the law of inner direction and control as a part of his rational nature, in the same way that he has discovered the law of gravitation as a property of physical bodies.

The tree of knowledge of good and evil is a growth of the human soul, planted at the roots of man's being. Men no longer rest their moral and rational life upon the beliefs and data of the past. Most men to-day would be unwilling and ashamed

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to acknowledge that it was the fear of hell or the hope of heaven that impelled them to fair dealing with their neighbors here and now. The moral law and the law of love are not true and valid and enduring simply because Moses and because Jesus taught them, but because they are fundamentally true to the nature of man. The great prophets and teachers have recognized these truths and passionately proclaimed them; under all the wretchedness of failure and sin they have divined the intrinsic worth and beauty of the human soul and its innate power to lift itself into freedom.

"My commandment is not hidden from thee," says Moses; "neither is it far away. * * * It is not in heaven, * * * neither is it beyond the sea.

"But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayst do it."

And the "new" commandment of the more tender and personal Jesus was simply, "That ye love one another, even as I have loved you. * * * Continue in my love. * * * Abide in my love," he entreated, for he believed that men *could* do this, if only he could make them see and

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feel the lovableness of loving "even as he had loved." "I and my Father are one. * * * The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." So absolutely did he identify himself with "the Father," whose only attribute, as mirrored in his own loving heart, was love.

Do we need any other motive?

Life is the supreme and all-compelling motive, the all-comprehending answer. Life ever more abundant without measure and without stint; life that calls and life that answers unto life, perpetually evoking and perpetually fulfilling itself.

The whole of life is *ex*pression; the pressure from within outward of this life-force that is ever pushing outward into action and manifestation, according to the growth and capacity of the spirit that impels and directs it.

Man has the power to detach himself, to free himself from the insistent demands of his personal self and the narrow range of their satisfaction, and to re-create himself with larger freedom and purpose; with the great, disinterested Ideas that lead him on to wider scope and action; the truths that set him free.

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Courage, Heroism, which takes the self completely out of the self. "He that loseth his life shall find it." Compassion, Sympathy, the feeling with and for another, for many others, for all others. The love of Country, of Science, of Nature, of Art. Music, which expresses the inexpressible and disembodies the soul, as it were. These are the everlasting convictions, the undying incentive and inspiration of men.

Above all, Beauty is the final "word over all, like the sky," because it embraces all other ideals and is of their very essence: ever present where we can can see and feel it, in sense and in spirit, in earth and sea and sky, and in the mind and heart of man, in word and thought and deed and feeling. Beauty persuades, beauty "convinces without argument," because it is its own reason for being. The poets, the artists and men of genius of all types have been the liberators of mankind because they have created or discovered new forms of beauty, they have opened new vistas for expression, which is freedom.

It is above all the prophets and the seers who have had the deepest vision into the heart of life,

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the splendors and the shadow of life and death. Not content with a single and partial aspect, nor with the outward presentment of some lovely image, they have wrought the substance of life, the passion, the deeds, the service of men into forms surpassing understanding. They have been as men possessed, fired with the divine fire, the celestial passion that sweeps away all lesser passions, all hindrance and all denial, and kindled only with the fire of their own conviction, the passion of their "persuasion."

In his great philosophical work M. Alfred Fouillée says:

"The highest morality is not that of obligation, * * * but of freedom. The supreme expression of the good is not in terms of law. * * * That is why, above all imperatives, must be placed 'le persuasif suprême,' the supreme persuasiveness of the idea of the good which is rooted at the very heart of our conscious being, and has such sovereign charm and invincible attraction for us, when unopposed by contrary ideas arising from our purely selfish needs; so that it thereby becomes an almost infallible and compelling mo-

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tive, not through constraint and compulsion, but, on the contrary, through the gradual disappearance of this very constraint and compulsion. * * * The direct satisfaction attached to moral action, and above all the attraction exercised by the contemplation of the moral ideal, constitute the persuasive force or motive of freedom: 'Le persuasif de la liberté.' "

"Love God and do as you please," says St. Augustine. And likewise St. Paul:

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty * * * the glorious liberty of the children of God."

No one has ever wrestled in greater agony of spirit with the conflict of good and evil in the human heart than this daring thinker, who has had the courage to lay the whole stress of sin upon "the Law"—the "Categorical Imperative" that forbids and condemns and creates it by calling it into active consciousness.

"The strength of sin is the law," he affirms.

"I had not known sin but by the law, for I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. * * *

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"For without the law, sin was dead."

And here he touches upon the crux of the problem. In reality sin *is* dead, loses its grip and drops away; evil, which is lack of freedom, lack of harmony, disappears when once we are "persuaded" and "spirited" away from its clutches by the overmastering force and beauty of some higher passion, and are caught up in some rapture of devotion that sets us free and gives wings to the spirit.

It is here where law becomes freedom, where morality, which is conformity to custom or to a code, becomes "morale," the spirit which maketh alive, the "heart" with which the deed is done and which makes it the act of a free man. The term "moral" derives from a Latin word meaning custom, and the term "ethical" from a similar Greek word. Therefore morality is the best usage and conduct sanctioned and established by men; the even balance of adjustment and control, enabling them to live in civilized communities. But *Morale* is the something over and above: it is the outer form plus the inner spark, the kindling power that fuses the whole of man's nature into a single purpose that sweeps all before it, that welds together

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a whole body of men and animates them as with a common soul.

"Serve God with your good and your evil inclination," say the Hebrew sages. For man would be free not because of outward nor even inward obligation, but because of richness of spirit. He would be free with the glad consent of the whole of himself, not merely a grudging consent wrung from his denied and prohibited self. He would be free as Nature is free, whose perfect law is perfect freedom, as the flowing water is free, as the wind is free which bloweth where and how it listeth. For men's spirit is the microcosm that mirrors the world-spirit and makes manifest the freedom and the law. From low to high and great to small, from the farthest star, whose light takes myriads of years to reach us, to the glow-worm of a summer's night, each created thing lives and moves and has its being in accord with this freedom, this law that reflects itself in the heart of man.

It is this Cosmos of which man feels himself so integral a part, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, spirit of his spirit and mirror of his consciousness. It is the rhythm of his own life that thrills and per-

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vades the universe. It is his own heart-beat that throbs in the mighty heart-beat of the ocean, the swelling tides and changing waves, the coming and going of the seasons, the eternal procession of the stars. It is the glow-worm spark of his own consciousness that irradiates the world he lives in. Given another intelligence and another sensibility, the world would be another world for him. Within him is this complexus that knits creation together into a living synthesis, in accord with his own spiritual energy. The order, the beauty and the freedom that he perceives are not in outward substance, not in time or space, but within himself; they are the inward process of his being, the co-operation of his nature, the movement and freedom of his soul.

"The naked bosom of the sea,
The cool gray shadows of the rain,
The ether-fretting Matterhorn
Swung like a saber through the sky,
Were void—until my being thrilled,
Impassioned, into love and pain.

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"Out of this cataclysmal dust
Visions arise and mysteries
In likeness of my soul's desire.
The dust disjoins and vanishes
Corrupt, but like a vestal fire
The visions in my soul endure."

Man is greater than he knows. He measures himself with the infinite. His thought outstrips the stars. His desire is as the sea, into which all the rivers run and yet it is not full. Deeper than plummet ever sounded are the springs that feed his life.

Like the Scandinavian god Thor, he raises to his lips the drinking horn that holds the sea which he would drain. All mythology is full of the tales of these half-gods and heroes, their tasks and exploits and struggles often with the great gods. The manifold Proteus takes every fearful form of flood and fire and dragon and ravening beast, but the hero never loosens his hold until Proteus has granted his behest.

For man has always had and will ever have the power thus to project himself ideally beyond himself; to see himself, not as he is or appears to be,

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but even as he would *will* to be, and as he dares to believe he is capable of being; heroic, invincible and with proportions like a god's, as he conceives of godhood. Hence the Christ, the divine and human archetype; the god-man, the man-god, the spiritual prototype of humanity through moral and spiritual perfection.

But manhood and godhood change with the perpetual changing conditions of man's growth and environment. Humanity is ever evolving, creating and re-creating out of its depths new types and ideals. The human mind is not once and forever fixed in any set pattern nor stamped with any graven image. The heart of man is a living organism, ever renewing and fulfilling its own life, and passing beyond to new growth and fulfilment, whereby the world lives and moves.

The world moves because the mind of man moves, refusing to be held in shackles of its own making. The world moves because the conscience of man is free to bind and to loose, to make laws and to break them when the life has outgrown their condition. The world moves because freedom is the law of life, the law of growth, the law of all

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the laws, the law fulfilled in love. The heart of man is the vast alembic wherein all of Nature's forces are fused into this glowing principle of human love. In the fiery furnace of human experience the human soul is tried again and again unto its own fashioning and re-fashioning. The divine passion of humanity is re-enacted with every human birth. Every conceivable joy and every conceivable sorrow await, enshrouded in the womb of time, the great, unconquerable, all-daring, all-enduring heart of man.

Whatever the goal may be we do not know, we may not fathom, but the path is open to the skies. Herein lies man's freedom in his power to create new forms of thought and beauty, new symbols and images, new standards and motives of action and new archetypes of himself. Herein is the upwinged flight of his spirit, "on pinions strong and free," into the empyrean heights of his dreams and desire. Herein the victory and justification of humanity in this vision of man ever transcending, ever liberating himself.

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